

Daily Eagle
H. M. MURDOCK, Editor.
SUNDAY MORNING, OCT. 9, 1887.
REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.
For Judge 1st Judicial District.
C. V. ERED.
For Treasurer.
A. A. WILSON.
For Sheriff.
R. DUNNIN.
For Register of Deeds.
ROBERT C. DRAKE.
For Coroner.
W. W. HAYS.
For County Clerk.
LEWIS B. COVILIN.
For Surveyor.
W. A. LUTTRELL.
For Comptroller 1st District.
C. PITTMAN.

OUR MINISTERIAL VISITORS.

There are in our midst today three or four hundred men whose lives are being devoted to the eternal well being of their fellow men. To this exalted life-work do they come with clean hands and unselfish hearts, come in a spirit of self sacrifice and of unfeigned sympathy. To our better-selves, only, are their appeals made, and ever in love not wholly of themselves but which bring from beyond them, is touched and tempered with the compassion of the Father Infinite. For six days in the week poor struggling humanity toils blindly on, hampered by weakness and depravity, goaded by appetites and passions, the light of exalted deeds of the few being obscured by the sins and crimes of the many; the wall of the weak and the cry of the despairing being lost in the confusion incident to that selfish struggle which holds the world to the rack of Mammon. These are the six days whose blights and tears, whose follies and deformities sadden the heart of him who hopes and prays, and, being touched with a feeling of his brother's infirmities, may perhaps almost despair. In these six days no warning voice can be heard, no staying hand will be needed. But after comes this blessed day and the tumult ceases, this day of sacred name and quiet peace; and as the children of earth stop to breathe the soul looks in upon itself and as it looks and ponders, lo! whisperings of the many encouraging words of the divine narrative fall upon the heart, intermingling with holy memories and associations and hopes. This is the divinely named day, this the hour when that in man which hopes and longs for better things lies open to the kindly touch of ye who were commanded to "go preach."

For this life-work, or rather this work of eternal life, for this self sacrificing and self consecration, as well as for the opinions of the men who have thus dedicated themselves, we hold the profoundest respect. In this labor of love, jeers nor scoffs are heeded, nor is a lack of sympathy, nor the want of appreciation more than a cross whose weight can be rendered a joy by the whispered benediction which comes to the earnest soul of "well done."

In welcoming these men of God to our beautiful city it is with no fear, therefore, that it will be by them condemned, or that on this holy day, set apart for their ministrations, that they will find Wichita, from their disinterested standpoint, so lost and wholly given over to the wicked one as the state authorities by their action would have the world believe. Upon the other hand we feel sure they will, and have, found here a people, God-fearing, charitable, hospitable, kind and loving; loving the Sabbath and its ordinances and institutions, loving the gospel, its ministers and its truths and loving their fellow men. It is with such a spirit and with such assurances, only, that the EAGLE extends an open hand of sympathy and greeting.

NOW WILL THEY GIVE IT UP?

Measured by the amount of taxable property returned to the state board of equalization, measured by the census returns made to the secretary of state, measured by the bank clearing house reports, Wichita is the greatest city in Kansas, but still there are two or three of the old cities of the state who will not give it up. To settle the question beyond any further cavil the EAGLE presents this morning another and conclusive evidence, that of the freight tonnage and railway business. Measured by this standard Wichita is greater than any two of the greatest cities in the state, her railroad traffic being equal to that of any other hundred thousand people of Kansas or one-fifteenth of the entire tonnage of the state.

WICHITA BUSINESS HOUSES.

That outside readers who have never visited our live city may see for themselves that what the EAGLE has so often asserted touching the character of the business houses being erected in this city, that in cost, style and solidity they surpass those of any other city in the state if not in the west, we this morning present cuts of two of these edifices. From time to time we shall give cuts of other business houses and other residences until everybody is convinced that Wichita is not only the metropolis of Kansas in name but in fact.

A gentleman from Seymour, Indiana, writes us to know whether Col. Stewart's letters will appear in book form. The EAGLE has no way of answering the question definitely until the volume's return, but we think it probable that the letters will be revised and published in book form.

Prof. J. D. Graham of the state agricultural college writes to Hon. James R. Mead that the EAGLE has given a new meaning to the word boom.

"This government is not interfering in the quarrels of other nations," says Secretary of State, T. F. Bayard. It has never been the policy of our government to do so, but it is not only the province of the government but its duty to interfere in behalf of its citizens when their rights are unnecessarily and without warrant trampled upon and they are dishonored. If the Samoan Islands indignity by German officials and the more recent Iowa outrage by English are not enough to warrant the intervention of the government in defense of its citizens, in the name of human rights will it ever find such occasion? The people of this country do not, perhaps, demand that the government institute a vigorous foreign policy in our respect but they do expect its citizens where so ever.

Dr. McGlynn says the anti poverty people don't want land way out in Dakota, but in New York City. The fact is they don't want land anywhere if they have to work on it. What they are after is the "unearned increment"—that is the increment that some one else has earned.

Baltimore has a case of illegal registration that rather beats the record. It seems that a large number of names have been retained on the register after the parties have been dead for years. There is the appearance of post mortem suffrage in this system of doing things.

IT DEPENDS.

To the Editor of the Eagle.
Please announce through your paper how long a foreigner has to be in this country before he can vote for president.

CONSTANT READER.

The length of time necessary for a foreigner (other than a Mongolian) to become a voter varies in the different states. In New York a ten days' residence only is necessary after he has declared his intention to become a citizen. In Kansas a six months residence in the state and thirty days in the precinct is necessary after such declaration. The privilege of voting, however, does not imply full citizenship with all its rights and benefits, because the United States laws require a residence of five years after making formal application. The question of citizenship is controlled by congress exclusively; that of suffrage by the states.

THE CAPITAL QUESTION.

A gentleman writing to Mr. Roy M. Sohn, of this city, from Ohio, says among many complimentary things:
"That wide awake sheet the EAGLE with familiar use of the English in the most expressive portraiture of advantage, is doing a great work. The text thing that Wichita should have is the removal of the state capital, simply in the interest and for the convenience and prosperity of the people of your great state."

Thank you, Mr. Buckeye, but that is out of the line of Wichita's ambition. The capital of our state is fixed, and fixed in a very delightful and enterprising city, with the permanent buildings provided for, and Wichita is too big a taxpayer to desire the erection of another capitol.

WHY THE EAGLE DON'T.

A banker in a city of western Missouri writes the editor of the EAGLE to know why he don't at greater length call the attention of the public to the per cent of increase of Wichita's clearing house. The gentleman says if Kansas City should ever show such a marvelous increase her papers would never get done telling about it. Very likely, but the reports show for themselves and they are regularly published in all the leading journals of the country. Besides the EAGLE eschews everything like blow and Kansas City not being in Wichita's way we would not unnecessarily harrow up the feelings of that really enterprising people.

The recent action of two or three local assemblies of labor organizations in Chicago in expressing sympathy for the condemned anarchists, and similar expressions from certain so-called labor leaders of the east, created the impression that the labor element of the country generally sympathized with the anarchists, but such is not the case. On the contrary the anarchists and their methods are unqualifiedly condemned by the best class of laboring people, individually and in the organizations. Feeling the force of the imputation cast upon the labor element whether organized or not, the convention of railroad employees held in St. Louis the past week determined to cast it off as far as it was in their power by an emphatic declaration upon the subject, and adopted a resolution declaring it to be their belief that "the safety and perpetuity of our city, state and national government demands that the decision of the court of Cook county, of Illinois, in the case of the condemned anarchists be sustained."

One of the best things about Topeka is that it has now reached that point that the capital city acts as a powerful magnet to attract men of ability and means from all parts of the state.—Democrat.
If you were as frank in giving credit for the cause as you are felicitous in stating the fact, you would mention the name of Wichita in that connection. The rapid strides of the Peerless Princess the past year or two stimulated you to put forth some effort. Of course we don't expect any acknowledgment of the service, and only mention the fact as a casual reminder.

If the president during his outing is guilty of nothing worse than treating his audience to items of local history, gleaned from Appleton's cyclopedia, he will disappoint some of his democratic friends. The able surviving editor of that useful publication ought to feel greatly complimented at such high recognition of the value of his work. The editor referred to is that accomplished writer, Mr. Chas. A. Dana.



THE M. M. FEICHHIMER BUILDING, CORNER MARKET STREET AND DOUGLAS AVENUE.

People over in this neck of Kansas are getting somewhat disgusted with the mawkish sentiment developed at Wichita when ever a criminal is sentenced to hang in the U. S. court. If Wichita cannot stand it to have any hangings take place in her borders it is about time to remove the U. S. court to some other town in Kansas where Indian territory criminals will find their just deserts. If much more of this commutation business is worked by Wichita an organized effort will be made to move the U. S. court to some other point. Cold blooded murderers should hang.—Anthony Republican.

Go from home to learn the news. We never heard of any effort having been made to secure a commutation of sentence of any murderer sentenced to be hanged by the U. S. court. At the last term of the court in Wichita a murderer from the territory was sentenced to be hanged next month, and as far as any effort in his behalf in this city is concerned he will hang on the day named in the sentence. As for removing the court from Wichita the Republican's threat is but idle vapor. Instead of the court we have now established here being removed, the chances are we will have another federal court holding its stated sittings in Wichita before many moons shall wax and wane.

A call is out for a conference of American Christians—the non prelatical and evangelical ones—at Washington, D. C., on the 7th, 8th and 9th days of December, under the direction of the American branch of the Evangelical Alliance. The object of the conference is defined as being to discuss the best means of bringing about a hearty cooperation of all (evangelical) American Christians, "without detriment to any denominational interests." In meeting existing perils and improving existing opportunities.

It is stated that the Episcopalians and Presbyterians of Madison, Wisconsin, have been engaged in a row over the president's reception there. Each demanded that he shall worship in their church today. If the weather up there is such as it is here the president will find it a convenient pretext for settling the controversy by remaining indoors at the Vilas mansion.

RAMBLERS ABOUT EUROPE.

From England to Egypt Especially for the Eagle.

NO. XXVI.

We left Rome on the morning of the "Feast of the Assumption" in the observance of which the papal city had donned holiday attire. Great crowds of working people in their best clothes flocked to the railway depot intent on boarding a train that would take them to their homes for the enjoyment of a brief holiday. Our route led us in a northerly direction, coasting the blue Mediterranean, over a stretch of low level country, for the most part given up to grazing. In the distance, rising up out of the sea, is the island that made France great, Corsica, the birthplace of the Bonapartes, and close by, the island of Elba, to which Napoleon was banished, and where a pity he had not died, instead of fretting his heart away in chagrin and the bitter memory of defeat at St. Helena.

Along in the afternoon we reached Pisa where every school boy knows stands the leaning tower which has been the wonder of mankind for more than six hundred years. Pisa is a quiet city of 50,000 people built on both sides of the river Arno, about fifty miles from Florence and twelve from Leghorn. It is much visited by tourists on account of its medieval attractions, although its history dates back to a period long antedating the Christian era, for it became subject to Rome 180 years before Christ.

Having a spare hour or two before dinner (7 p. m.) we repaired to that interesting corner where are grouped the cathedral, baptistry, Campo Santo, and campanile. Pisa is a quiet city of 50,000 people built on both sides of the river Arno, about fifty miles from Florence and twelve from Leghorn. It is much visited by tourists on account of its medieval attractions, although its history dates back to a period long antedating the Christian era, for it became subject to Rome 180 years before Christ.

We seldom enter a church for the purpose of sight-seeing without a guide. On this occasion he had his hands full. It was a difficult matter to get his audience to

gather before a painting and talk against the loud peals of an organ assisted by a hundred voices and a section of a brass band. I don't know what the people thought, but they stared at us as if we were escaped lunatics. In the noise and confusion that prevailed we paid but little heed to the guide, but on our own hook silently admired the antique columns supporting the gilded ceilings of Tuscan-Gothic architecture, the carved pulpit and the altars designed by Michael Angelo, the bronze doors, rare pictures and the veritable swinging lamp from which Galileo got the idea of the pendulum. In front of the cathedral is said to be the finest baptistry in the world. I guess there is no question about it. It is built of marble 100 feet in diameter and 190 feet high. The baptismal font stands in the center and a little to one side is a unique pulpit standing on seven columns, with some superb sculptures in bas-relief. The echo here obtained is something wonderful. Our guide produced sounds with his voice that came back to us with all the sweet cadences that could be produced by a deep toned organ.

The Campo Santo is a small square filled in with earth transported in ships from the Holyland. It represents a cloister surrounded by a wall over 400 feet long and 150 feet wide, constructed in 1278, and contains many frescoes and splendid monuments. One of the old frescoes, dim with age, is a representation of hell. It is on an extensive scale and horrible enough to have been painted by Gustave Dore. It had not grown too late to do anything more than to inspect the great tower from the outside. The next morning before train time a party of us returned, and after a resting commenced the spiral ascent to the belfry. There are 284 steps to climb, and as the guide facetiously remarked, 284 to come down. There were only two ladies of our party possessing the temerity to undertake the task. They hailed from Kansas and Massachusetts and shared the chuck, not only reaching the belfry, but after having attained an elevation of 175 feet high and fourteen out of the perpendicular, laid hold of the rope which the tired bell ringer was monotonously pulling to and fro, and infused some of their superabundant energy into the tongue of the old bell that made it fairly talk. The view from here is magnificent. One can see the Appennines, the rich valley of the Arno through which the river winds like a silver ribbon, the Azure sea gleaming as azure sky—away where two black looking hulks—Elba and Corsica, seem to float on its surface, lastly the old city towards which you lean and grow dizzy.

The principal occupation of the Pisans seems to be delving and dealing in marble. The best quarries of Parian marble are not far distant from here. This excellent material of virgin purity and whiteness is quarried into all manner of statues, statuettes, and bric-a-brac, but in the latter alabaster is used to a considerable extent. In Pisa, as elsewhere in Italy, the most skillful workmen in mosaics, precious stones and marbles are Jews, and I might add that the handling and sale of them are exclusively in the hands of men and women of their race. Generally speaking they are eager to sell, and will "knock down" handsomely rather than not to effect a sale. It became soon of nature to some of us to select an article, price it, offer 20 per cent less and then break for the door. A hurried retreat to "come back" was the result in a trade. My fancy caught on to an exquisite little marble psyche, about sixteen inches in height, which Isaac priced me at 25 lire (\$5). I offered him twenty, at which he looked horrified and shook his head. I turned my back on him and started for the hotel but he had felled me five steps from the door when I felt a hand on my shoulder accompanied by the persuasive words "come back." I went.

From Pisa we journeyed direct to Turin, stopping long enough in Genoa to take a look at the statue of "Christopher Columbus," which Mark Twain makes such a fuss about. It was erected in 1863 and is a fine monument supplemented with several allegorical statues and reliefs. Genoa is the chief commercial city of Italy and contains one hundred and eighty thousand people. It is real well fortified, has a vast number of fine marble buildings and many handsome residences built on terraces, resembling a vast amphitheater, almost to the top of a very high elevation. Many of the houses are frescoed on the outside and painted in all hues and colors.

I regretted our inability to stay here over night instead of further on at Turin, where there was nothing to see except a very clean and prosperous city of two hundred and twenty thousand people, with wide streets laid out at right angles and arcades around the principal squares and business streets. The street car system here is fine and traverses all parts of the city. The shops are perfect models of neatness and filled to overflowing with merchandise. Of course the windows, as is the case all over Europe, mirror the contents of each store in a manner truly fascinating to the onlooker.

One obtains a charming view of the snow clad summit of the Alps from here, and after the terrible heat of southern Italy it was quite a relief to look at the mountain peaks and feel the air tempered by the icy breath of the Snow King who dwells in regions cradled as the clouds and cruel as the grave. The railway jour-

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ney from Genoa to Turin is not a pleasant one, for it is mostly underground. On a road leading from the hills that skirt the Gulf of Genoa and the land scape is southern Kansas to a dot. A thunder storm that ran into a comet. A sudden downpour, when the clouds are ink—save when the lightning goes off in a tangential illustration in fiery lines the railway map of Illinois—and Heaven's artillery a musket battery, if not deadly, still terrifying.

From Turin to Milan the country is a garden, and a well kept one at that. Fruits and flowers, waving corn fields and productive rice ponds, an atmosphere that Adam left behind him at Eden, a jolly crowd of Bohemians and no care, what more would you want? The hotel at Milan was first class. I consider any hotel in Europe first class when they have an elevator and an incandescent electric light in your room, which you can let on or off, like water in a bath tub, at your pleasure.

The first evening in Milan we spent at the opera. We secured a box for 20 lire—now don't be alarmed, that was only four dollars and the box held six of us. The opera house was Faust, and as I can't hear very well in Italian, I was thrown on my recollection of the plot for some idea of what it was all about. I was glad I went, for I sat in an audience where a man applauded if he felt like it, or exercised the divine right to hiss if he took exception to the performance. At times the applause was harmonious, at others the hisses assailed your ears like steam escaping from a dozen locomotives. The Paists and the Marguerites met the applause with obsequious smiles—the hisses with supreme indifference. The company was a large one with 100 in the chorus. The orchestra seemed nearly as large but evidently were short on beer, otherwise they would have got more noise out of their horns. The acting was mediocre and we turned in about 12 o'clock.

The next day was a hard one on us for Milan poses attractions which no tourist can afford to slight, and we had but one day at our disposal to take it all in. First we went to the cathedral which ranks in size with the one at Cologne and at Seville in Spain, or at Florence. The exterior, whilst differing from all others in outward adornment, is not as impressive as the Cologne edifice, but then it has an individuality of its own, and this I suppose, is what the architect aimed at. The facade was designed by that prince of designers, who has left the imprint of his genius in every city in Italy—Michael Angelo.

It is a cruciform building, running up into pinnacles and turrets, and in various parts of the upper structure are four thousand and five hundred marble statues, most of them life size. The statue of Napoleon is perched on one of these pinnacles, and it is a fine view, even if one were a stranger to Holy Writ. Copies were present, with their canes and canes, in full force, and well executed imitations nearly completed,

the saints." In this cathedral Napoleon was crowned king of Italy. The guide came as near taking his riches into the kingdom of heaven as the Indian whose implements of warfare and the chase are buried with him. I say this with due reverence for this one who remains a priest with lighted candle exhibits for a stipend, was a man who went about doing good. From the cathedral we crossed the street to the Royal Palace and were conducted through its many elegant chambers with floors of marble and polished wood, ceiling richly painted and frescoed, walls hung with costly silks and lace, and adorned with rare paintings, furniture of which any king could be proud and a queen or princess satisfied. At Munich we were shown a gorgeous bed prepared for the Emperor Napoleon. Here we were shown a couch scarce inferior, in which Napoleon and the equally unfortunate Maximilian had sought repose.

In the church of St. Ambrose, built in the fourth century, we beheld the pulpit in which that saint preached, and the brazen serpent which Moses held up in the wilderness. Fact, or else the guide imposed on our credulity. We had to believe it or else discredit the story of the snake taken from the cross on which our Saviour was crucified, which is preserved in the apex of the cathedral.

In this old church the early kings of Lombardy were crowned with the iron crown and Augustine crowned Christian. Here also swings the gates that Ambrose closed in the face of the emperor Theodosius in the year 390. In the refectory we were shown the mutilated fresco by Leonardo da Vinci so widely copied, "The Last Supper." It covers one third of the wall of the refectory, but the monks to carry victuals has destroyed the lower part of the center of the picture. I rather think this master piece of da Vinci is regarded by art connoisseurs as superior to any work performed by Raphael, Rubens or Angelo. The impression on the face of Jesus gives the man away, even if one were a stranger to Holy Writ. Copies were present, with their canes and canes, in full force, and well executed imitations nearly completed,

were priced to us at one thousand francs, but from circumstances over which we had no immediate control, we were forced to content ourselves with a photograph at just the one thousandth part of the cost of the picture in oil.

In this correspondence I have mentioned visits to so many picture galleries, that I have grown nervous over the result of so much sameness of description. I will therefore forego any allusion to the hours spent with lagging footsteps, and wearied eyes, in the picture galleries of Milan.

After we had dismissed our guide, and the relic hunters of the party had gone forth to lay waste Milan, and reduce the Jews to penury, the "judge," the "doctor" and myself boarded a car bound for the suburbs to take in the military situation of the Lombards.

We halted at a vast barren square comprising fully 160 acres, which we required no guide to inform us in Italian. English, was the drill ground of a considerable portion of King Humbert's army. On one side was the infantry barracks where the undersized "dough-boys," that constituted the strong arm of United Italy, were being prepared and fitted, against that overcast day of dread that hangs over all European nations like a pall—a "contingency."

On the other side was the barracks of the cavalry from whose hooves issued the "feed call" of the brazen trumpet's mouth, men in dirty linen, houses with blemish creases thrown across their shoulders going in quest of forage for the impatient weed that had learned the significance of the bugle call, quite as well as his more intelligent master. But it was not so much a commonplace sight as soldiers' quarters that brought us hither, as curiosity to obtain a good view of the handwork and munition-stocking of Napoleon who in 1804 reared an arch here that vies in elegance, but not in original design, with that of Constantine in Rome. It was intended to designate the ending of the Simplician route and commemorate the victories which his genius had won, but he failed to complete it, and in 1809 the Austrians, to which Milan became subject, had the sublime chance to utilize it to their own glory, by setting forth in figurative relief their victories over the French.

When Milan, by the fortunes of war, became a part of reconstructed Italy, Victor Emmanuel caused inscriptions to be chiseled on it that will remain a testimonial of his greatness so long as Italy maintains her present cohesiveness. The other work of Napoleon, which is scarcely worthy of him, is an amphitheater, capable of seating thirty thousand people. I fancy he got his design from the circus of Maximilian—the grand ruins that rear its broken walls along the Appian way.

From sunny Italy with its wealth of ruins, its marble palaces, magnificent churches and incomparable works of art the readers of the EAGLE will be led to follow me into picturesque Switzerland, where only the matchless works of the Great Masterhand of the universe shall engage our attention.

M. STEWART.

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